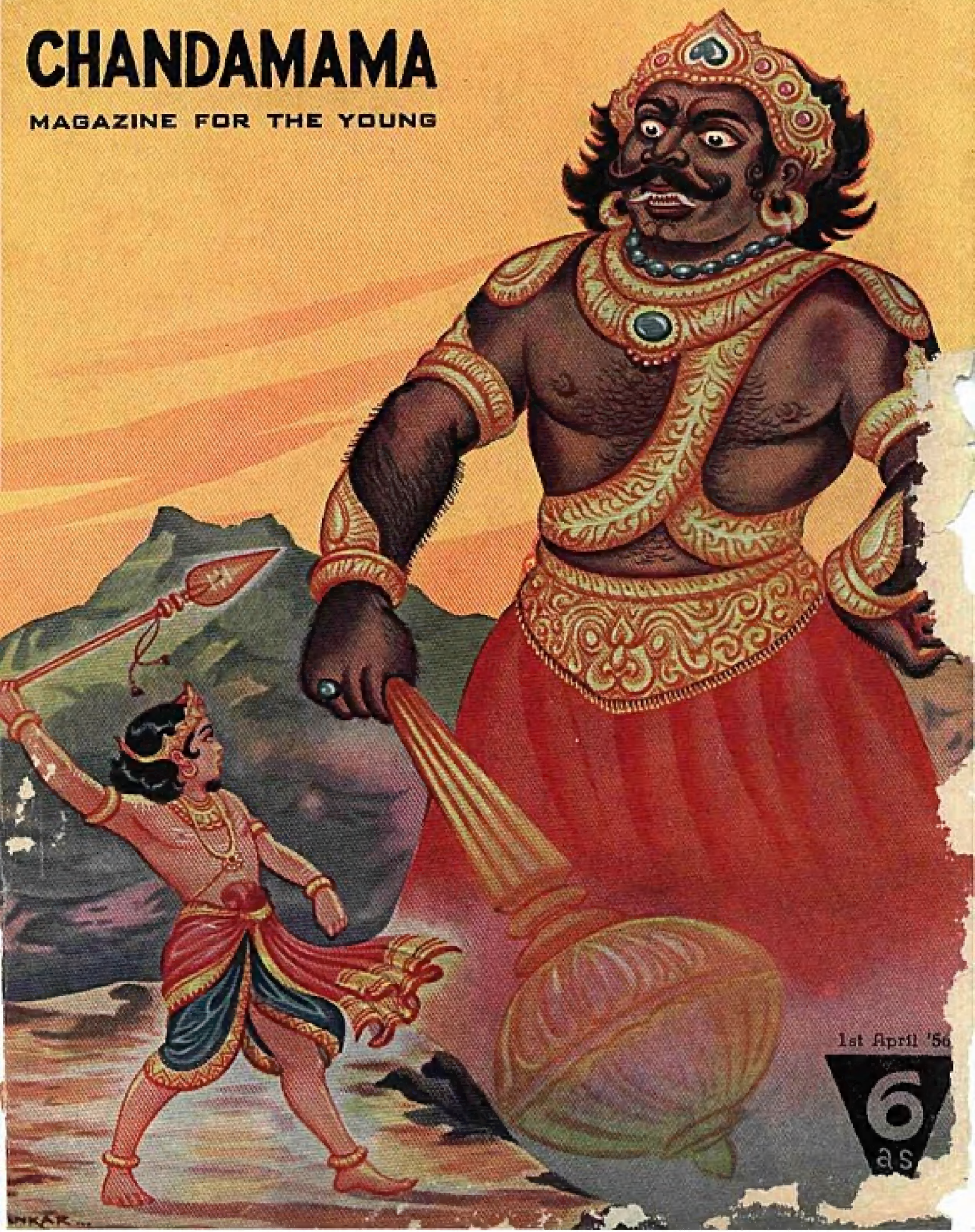


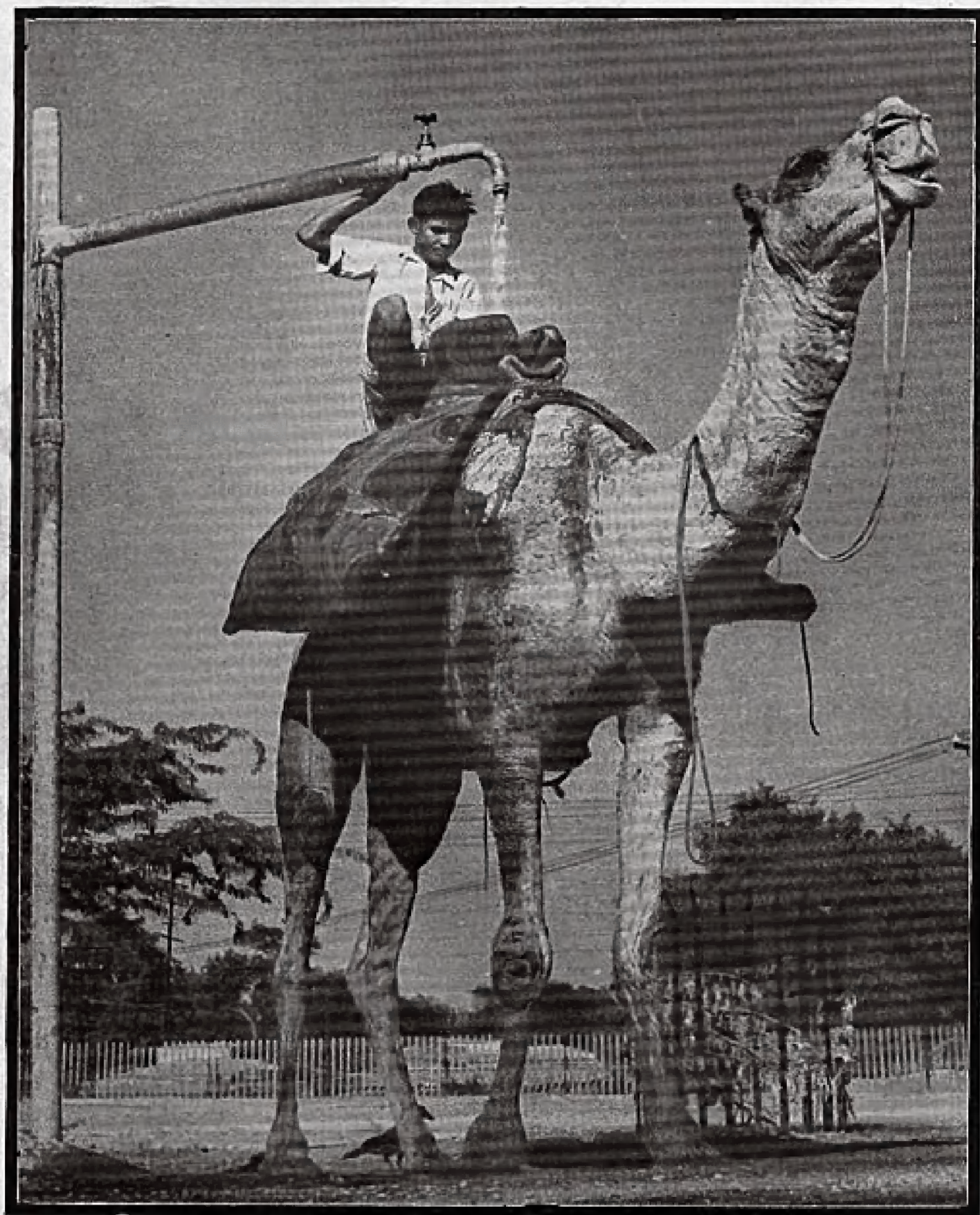
CHANDAMAMA

MAGAZINE FOR THE YOUNG



1st April '56

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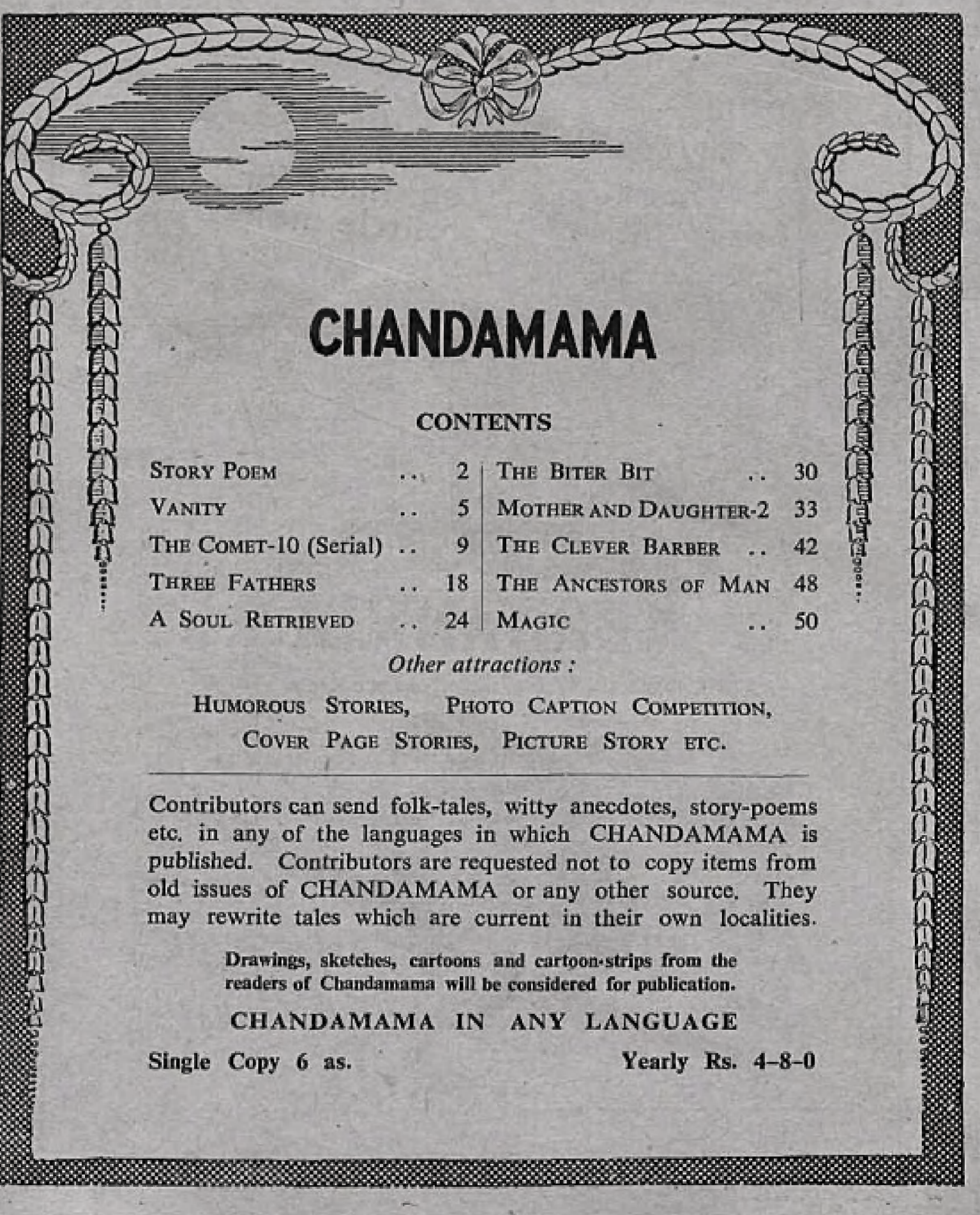
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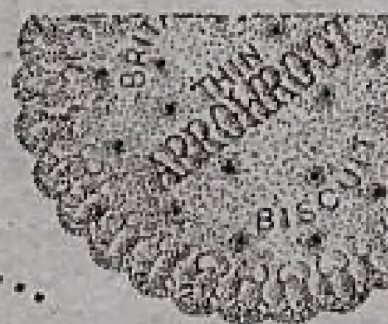
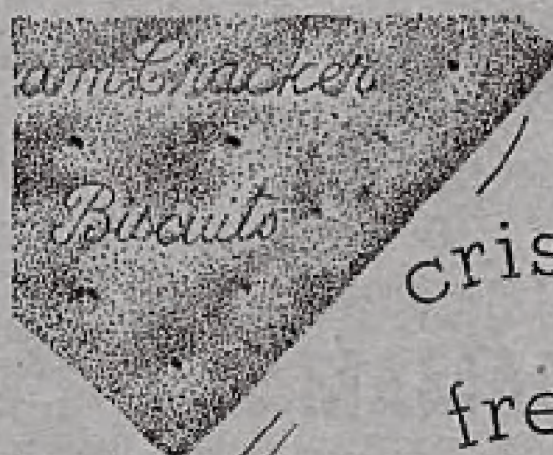
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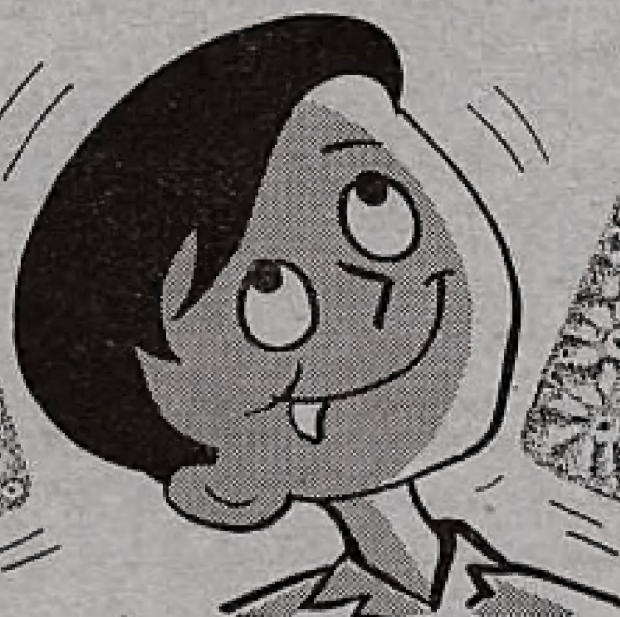
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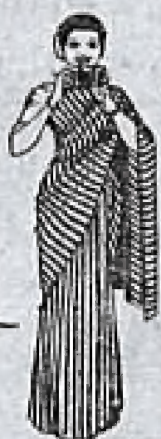
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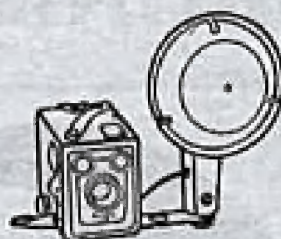


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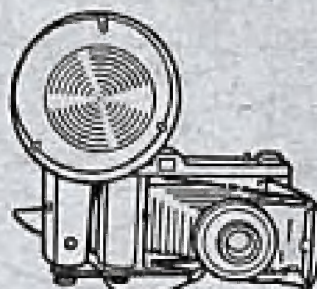


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CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor : CHAKRAPANI

ART unaccompanied with modesty is compared to a flower without fragrance. Vanity leads one to envy one's superiors. To equal a predecessor, it is said, one must have twice his worth.

All these truths are brought out in the Jataka Tale, "VANITY". Moosil was a vain man even when he was a mediocre musician. After learning the art from his master, he became more vain, and set himself as his master's equal. Finally Moosil was punished not for his ignorance of art, but for his vanity alone. He lost the chance of being engaged at court.

APRIL
1956



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NO. 4

THE LION'S WOOING

*A Lion of the
noblest breed
Met walking in
a flowery mead*

*A Shepherdess of
pleasing carriage,
And straightaway sought
her hand in marriage.*

*Her father would
have wished to find*



*A less alarming
son-in-law*

*The match was little
to his mind;
Yet on the other
hand he saw*

*Grave difficulties
in refusal.
Thinking it therefore
scarcely wise*

*To answer No
without disguise,*





Story Poem

*Sans teeth or claws
he hurried back.*

*The father whistled
up his pack.*

*The bandogs found
him easy sport.*

*Love, love when you
invade men's hearts,
That moment common
sense departs.*

*"The girl is
sensitive," he said;*

*"Your claws, I fancy,
would molest her,
I'd have them pared,
if I were you.*

*And those sharp teeth
need filing too."
Blinded by love,
the suitor bold*

*Went off to do
as he was told,*



THE FRONT COVER

AMONG those who attended the wedding of Skanda and Deva-sena there were not only his parents, Lord Shiva and Parvati, but also all the Devas, their lords and Brahma himself. Then Skanda was seated in a chariot drawn by a thousand lions and taken in a mighty procession to Bhadravat where Lord Shiva resided. At the head of the procession Kuber went in his flying chariot, Pushpak, while Indra rode Iravat, the white elephant, behind Skanda's chariot. On the sides marched the Eight Vasus, the Eleven Rudras, the leaders of the Devas, and the Brahmarshis.

Accompanied by all these Skanda reached Bhadravat and settled there. In the course of time Mahisha, the mighty lord of the Danavas collected a huge army and attacked the Devas. The diabolical hordes destroyed hermitages, defiled *Yajnas*, and terrorized unarmed people by torturing and killing them. The Devas tried to resist the Danavas and protect the people, but the might of Mahisha was so great that the armies of the Devas were scattered away before him.

Mahisha got so bold that he marched upon the abode of Lord Shiva himself, and took possession of his chariot. Thinking that their victory was complete, the Danava ranks sent up a great shout of joy.

Then Shiva called forth Skanda to do battle with Mahisha. Skanda came forth in battle array, armed with the infallible *Sakti*. He hurled the *Sakti* at Mahisha's head which was at once split at its impact. The mighty demon fell even as a great mountain would fall.

But several of the Danava lords attacked Skanda in a body and gave him fight. In a single afternoon Skanda brought down every one of them, and the war ended in victory.



VANITY

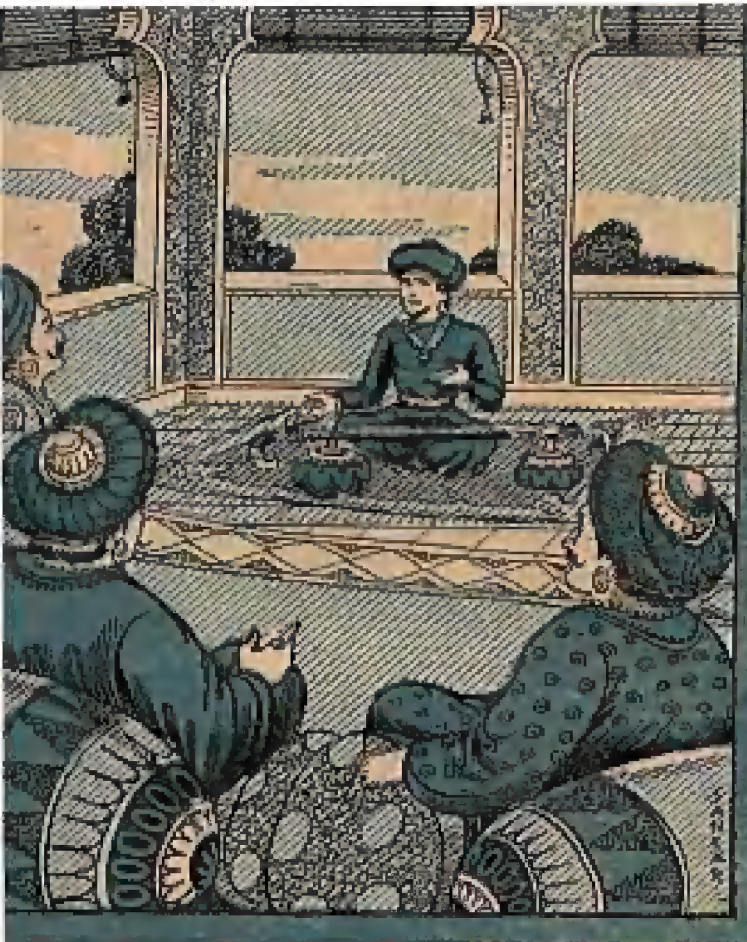
WHILE Brahama-dutt ruled Banaras, Bodhisatva was born as Guthila. He was a great expert in playing the *veena*. At the age of sixteen he was recognised as an unrivalled master of that instrument in the whole continent, so that the King of Banaras appointed him as his Court Musician.

Several years later a batch of traders left Banaras for Ujjain for purposes of trade. Thanks to Guthila even the common folk of Banaras had a well-developed taste in *veena* music, and the traders, having at last reached Ujjain, thought of treating themselves to some music. They told the merchants of Ujjain, "We are anxious for music. Can you kindly arrange the best *veena*

player of Ujjain to entertain us? Money is no consideration."

Now, Moosil was considered to be the best *veena* player in the city of Ujjain. So he was engaged to entertain the traders from Banaras. Moosil arrived with his *veena* to the place where the traders from Banaras lodged. He adjusted the strings of the *veena* and started playing. He played quite a long time and yet there was no indication that the traders were enjoying the music. Moosil tried various types of music but they all left the listeners cold.

"Good sirs," Moosil said to them at last, "I've been playing the *veena* to the best of my ability, but you don't appear to derive any joy from it. Is it that my music does not appeal to you?"



The traders from Banaras looked at one another in surprise. "You have been *playing*!" one exclaimed. "We thought you were tuning the strings."

"We thought that there was something wrong with the instrument!" said another.

Moosil's face fell at these words and he felt humiliated. "No doubt," he said to the traders, "you've heard to a greater Master of *veena* than myself and on that account you've failed to be impressed by me. May I know who that Master is?"

"Is it possible that you have never heard of Guthila, the great Master of *veena* and the Court Musician of Banaras?" the traders asked Moosil.

"Is he a much better player than I?" Moosil asked incredulously.

"Pardon us for saying it, but, compared to him, you cannot be classed even as an average player of *veena*," the traders replied.

"In that case," Moosil said, "I shall not rest till I am recognised as a player equal to Guthila. You need not pay me anything for my performance."

That very day Moosil started for Banaras. Having arrived there he went to see Guthila. "Sir," he said to the Master, "I came from Ujjain. I am called Moosil. I've come to learn from you the art of *veena* playing. I will be your pupil till you make me as good a player as yourself."

Guthila agreed to teach him. Moosil stayed with Guthila, learnt his lessons at home and accompanied him to court.

Several years went by. One day Guthila told Moosil, "My son, your education is over. I've taught you all I know about *veena* playing. Now you can go back to your country."

But Moosil did not want to return to Ujjain where people had no good taste for real music. Was he not considered a Master there even when he was a poor player? His ambition was to become the Court Musician for the King of Banaras. Now that he knew as much as Guthila, he was entitled to such an honour. Moreover Guthila was getting on in years and soon he will be too old for the job.

Having thought along these lines, Moosil said to his teacher, "Sir, I've no desire to leave Banaras. Since you certify that I know all that you know, kindly get me too engaged at court."

Guthila broached the subject to the King.

"Because he has been your pupil so long," the King said, "I don't mind engaging him at court. But I shall pay him half



what I have been paying you. If he is agreeable, he can take up the post."

When Moosil heard this he was disappointed instead of jumping with joy. How was he inferior to Guthila? Why should he be paid only half the pay Guthila was getting?

Vanity made Moosil blind to reason. He went straightaway to the King and said, "Your Highness, it appears that you wanted to engage me as a Court Musician on half pay. It is unfair since I am as much a musician as my

teacher, and my teacher himself can vouch for it."

The King was annoyed by this talk. "I was aware," he said, "that you were the Master's pupil, but I was not aware that you were his equal. Nor will I believe it without proof."

"Your Highness can put me to test," Moosil submitted.

"Well," said the King, "I shall arrange a competition in *veena* playing between you and your master. If you prove yourself equal to him you shall be engaged on full pay. But if you fail in the test you shall have nothing. Do you agree?" Moosil agreed.

A competition performance was arranged. Both Guthila and Moosil tried to excel each other. Guthila broke one of the strings

of his *veena* and went on playing on the remaining strings only. Seeing this Moosil, too, broke one of his strings and went on playing. Soon Guthila broke one more string and Moosil too broke one more of *his* strings. Presently the last string of Guthila's *veena* was broken and Moosil broke his own last string.

Now came the climax. Guthila was still able to produce notes and music even on a broken string while Moosil was utterly incapable of producing even a single note.

The entire court cheered Guthila and booed Moosil. Because of his vanity Moosil was thoroughly disgraced. He lost all chances of being engaged at court. That very day he left Banaras for Ujjain.





10

(Samarsen learnt from Four-eyes how Sakteya of Shaman Island undertook to build a temple of gold and silver for Chandika, how he recruited soldiers for his expedition and how rivalry started between him and One-eye and the shabby trick played upon him by One-eye.)

FOUR-EYES was about to describe to Samarsen how he spent his time as a "living ghost", when a tumultuous noise was heard down below. Samarsen and his men turned their heads to see what it was.

The sun had already set and darkness began to creep up the surrounding hills. Though Samarsen could hear some men shouting at a distance he could not actually see them. Nor could he

clearly make out in which direction they were moving.

At that very moment he heard the booming voice of One-eye cry out, "O Death's Head! O Devil's Serpent!"

"Samarsen," said Four-eyes in measured tones, "the men from your Kundalini come from below, and from the other side One-eye. I shall tell you the story of the ship and the Mermaid some other time. It is



much more important that you should keep away from both of these parties."

There was much wisdom in what Four-eyes said, and Samarsen knew it. When Four-eyes said "men from your Kundalini", Samarsen knew that it was that traitor Kumbhand and the tribesmen led by him.

"Look," said Four-eyes pointing his finger downwards. "They are coming here. They are climbing the hill." Samarsen and his men could make them

out now. There were some forty or fifty men in all, bearing torches. They shouted tumultuously as they came up the hill-path.

"What shall I do now, Four-eyes?" Samarsen asked. "If it was Kumbhand alone, I and my five men could easily manage him and his wild men. But this One-eye here...."

"Yes," said Four-eyes. "One-eye is my personal business. Even without him, I do not advise you to face Kumbhand and his wild men in this darkness. Is it not much wiser to let One-eye and Kumbhand settle the matter between themselves? You may have your work done by One-eye, instead of doing it your self."

Indeed, things turned out even as Four-eyes had surmised. Soon Kumbhand, marching at the head of the tribesmen, was confronted with the tall figure of One-eye standing across his path.

"What a lark!" Samarsen exclaimed. "I wouldn't have



missed this for anything!" He was in a state of gleeful excitement. But Four-eyes shook his head and said, "Don't expect too much, Samarsen! You do not know yet anything about that ship of wealth and the Mermaid. It is not possible for me to reveal it to you as yet. And don't think that One-eye is a fool, though he is a braggart. Let us go and hide behind that boulder there."

Four-eyes led the way. Samarsen and his men followed him,

groping in the dark. They finally took their positions behind a boulder not very far from the spot where Kumbhand stood facing One-eye.

At the very sight of One-eye, Kumbhand reeled back in fear and the tribesmen accompanying him tried to escape. But they stopped dead when they heard One-eye shout at them, "You'll be dead if you stir. Those within my sight cannot move without my permission. Death's Head and Devil's Serpent, surround them!"





At once the serpent jumped forth and kept going round Kumbhand and his tribesmen while the Death's Head hovered in the air above their heads. This was enough to scare them.

"Well, who are you?" One-eye boomed. "Whither are you bound?"

Kumbhand was nonplussed with this question. He could not decide whether he should speak out the truth or lie boldly. The tribesmen had told him about the sorcerers of this isle but he

was seeing one of them for the first time.

"I am King of these tribesmen," he replied in a groping manner, "I am called Kumbhand."

"And where are you going?" One-eye asked him with an angry look.

It was evident that Kumbhand had to tell the truth. Even if he uttered lies, the tribesmen shaking with fear might give him away by blurting out the truth.

"I was told," said Kumbhand, "that a certain ship can be seen from one of these summits. I'm going to see it."

At these words One-eye roared with laughter. He knew full well why and where these people were going.

"Tell me another," One-eye said. "Do you want me to believe that you have come all the way up here in the dark just to have a look at the ship in the sea? You are too clever to be leading these miserable wretches, aren't you? Are you not out to grab the wealth in the ship?"



Kumbhand licked his lips but could say nothing.

"Answer me, yes or no!" One-eye thundered at him.

"Yes!" Kumbhand blurted out in fear.

"Some days back," One-eye continued in a lowered voice, "I came across five or six men on this isle. They were dressed like you. They too appeared to have come for the wealth in the ship. Are you one of that crowd?"

Kumbhand easily guessed whom One-eye referred to. Those people could be only Samarsen and his men who left Kundalini earlier. Kumbhand was overcome with anger and fear at the thought of Samarsen and his men. Unless he destroyed them, there was no safety for him.

"I know them quite well," he told One-eye. "It was only with the intention of destroying them that I followed them to this isle. I can easily believe that lust for wealth had brought those scoundrels here. I came in search of them and found you."



Four-eyes who was listening to this conversation was so disgusted with this hypocrisy that he stepped forward calling forth his owl and ape-man. At the same moment Samarsen and his men took up their bows and rained a shower of arrows on Kumbhand and his followers.

At the mention of the owl, One-eye looked all round in fear. Some of the wild fellows fell down struck by the arrows. Kumbhand began to run down the hill as fast as he could.





Samarsen and his men chased Kumbhand and the fleeing tribesmen. It was quite dark and Samarsen's men could not train the arrows properly at the enemy. But they could hear Kumbhand trying to rally his men back, crying, "Don't run! Stop!"

One-eye recovered from his fear of the Owl. He drew his sword, stepped forward and, grinding his teeth in rage, said to Four-eyes, "I realise what a blasted coward you are! You claim that you are supreme in the art of sorcery. Yet you seek the help of these wretched men and their stupid bows in order to attack me! Why, the tribesmen alone can make mince-meat of your friends!"

Four-eyes gazed steadily at the other for a few moments without caring to reply. He could hear the cries of Kumbhand and the shouts of his tribesmen. But he did not want to interfere.

Before he departed he told One-eye, "You braggart! I have



nothing to say in reply to you. A fight between our creatures is equally futile. You know as well as I do that your sword is utterly powerless against me. The day will come—when it will be either you or I! Let us not waste our breath until that day comes." Then he touched his cap with his finger and the next instant he was gone.

Samarsen and Kumbhand were fighting fiercely with swords. The tribesmen were trying to advance and Samarsen's men





were keeping them off with their arrows.

The sword-fight between Samarsen and Kumbhand was at its highest pitch. By then the moon had risen and everywhere was light. The tribesmen wounded by arrows were roaring with pain and the whole place was echoing with the din of battle.

The situation was very unfavourable for Samarsen and his men. Though better armed, they were fewer in number. If given enough time they might destroy the enemy. But there was the danger of One-eye coming there any minute. Unmindful of all these considerations Samarsen's party fought Kumbhand's party.

Presently the fight was broken up quite dramatically. A pack of hungry wolves rushed towards the spot howling. Many of the savages had fallen in the fight and the wolves had scented blood. They rushed straight to the fighting place. The fighters saw them emerge from bushes, over the rocks and between the trees. There were so many of them that the savages as well as the civilised men were mortally afraid. They forgot all about the fight and ran away, scattered like leaves in the wind. Even Kumbhand and Samarsen had no choice but to run away in the wake of their men.

(To be continued)



THE COACHMAN'S BACK

AN old coachman came to his master and announced that he was retiring. He was hoping that the master would give him a present.

The master, a haughty, stiff-necked official, asked him: "How long have you been in my service?"

"Twelve years," answered the coachman.

"I don't recall ever seeing you!" said the master disdainfully.

The coachman turned away, disappointed. But just as he was leaving the room the official called him back.

"Aren't you Sun, the coachman!"

"Why yes, sir!"

The official thereupon gave the old man a handsome present. He had never bothered to look at his servant's face, but he recognized him when his back was turned.

THE POWER OF MONEY

The landlord tried to raise eggplants in his vegetable garden, but they did not flourish. He asked his hired labourer what to do.

"Bury a copper coin under the roots of each plant," said the labourer. "Then they will come up all right!"

"Why is that?" asked the landlord.

The hired hand grinned. "Haven't you always said that those who have money will prosper and those who haven't will die?"

—*From China Reconstructs*

A detailed illustration in a classic style. A man with a mustache, wearing a dark tunic and a long, pleated skirt, is walking towards the left. He has a large, wrapped bundle on his back and is carrying a dead person (a corpse) across his right shoulder. He holds a sword in his right hand. The background features a large, gnarled tree on the left and a rocky, uneven ground. The title 'THREE FATHERS' is written in a large, serif font within a rectangular frame at the top right.

THREE FATHERS

ONCE again Vikram returned to the tree, got down the corpse, threw it across his shoulder and began to walk towards the burial-ground. The Bethal of the corpse said to him, "I'm quite sorry to have put you to all this trouble, O King! Let me tell you a queer story so that you'll forget the strain of your endeavours." And he began the following tale:

There was a certain merchant in a city called Tamra-lipti. He had a daughter named Dhana-vati. When she was old enough to be married, her father began searching for a suitable young man. But these efforts were cut short by an illness, as a result of which the merchant died.

Stories of Bethal

At the time of his untimely death the merchant had very few assets and very large debts. His wife who wanted all her jewellery to go to her daughter, was naturally afraid that the creditors would seize it. So, one night, she made a bundle of all her ornaments and, taking her daughter along with her, started for another country.

In the dark they made their way out of the city and across the burial-ground. At one place a thief was impaled that evening, and the elder woman, not seeing him, knocked against the dying thief. In great pain the thief whimpered, "Who is it that tortures a dying man?"

"I didn't see you in the dark, my man," said the lady in regret.

"Who are you?" the thief asked. "Where are you going?"

"I am a merchant's wife. This is my daughter. My husband has died and I am going in search of a proper husband for my daughter."

The thief thought for a moment and said, "Good lady, I'm dying



anyway. But I've neither wife nor children. One who has no children cannot enter Heaven, as you know. If you make a formal gift of your daughter to me now, she can marry some one else after my death, and her children will be legally mine and I shall be able to go to Heaven. In return I shall reveal to you where I've hidden all my wealth. You can be happy all your life."

Out of greed the elder woman agreed to gift away her daughter to the dying thief in exchange for his wealth.



"All my gold is buried at the foot of that banian tree there," said the thief, "Dig up that gold at once and in the meantime I shall be dead. Then you can take down my corpse, have it cremated and submerge the ashes. Not far away is a place called Vakrolak. The king there is a good man. His subjects are a very contented people. You can settle there."

The woman dug up the hidden gold, took her daughter and went to Vakrolak. The next day she sent a messenger and got

the corpse of the thief, had it cremated and the ashes submerged.

Now, in this city there was a depraved Brahman youth called Vishnu-swami. He was a gambler and a worthless skunk, but he was uncommonly handsome. He came to know that a mother and daughter had come to this city recently and that they seemed to be well-off. He got acquainted with them and after a time confessed to the mother that he wanted to marry Dhana-vati. Dhana-vati on her side was so taken up with the good looks of Vishnu-swami that she readily consented to marry him.

From the day he married her, Vishnu-swami began to harass his wife for money. Dhana-vati was so enamoured with her husband that she was willing to give him any amount of money, but her mother did not allow it. In the course of time Dhana-vati gave birth to a son.

"You are now the father of a son," the elderly woman said to Vishnu-swami. "Even now you

have no sense of responsibility. Why don't you earn some money instead of asking for it?"

Vishnu-swami was disgusted with the nagging of his mother-in-law. So one day he absconded leaving his wife and son to their fate. Soon afterwards the elderly woman died, and poor Dhana-vati was left alone with her young babe. She saw that her future was bleak, that she would not be able to bring up the child all by herself. Gradually she got disgusted with life itself, and one night she left her son in a cot in the street, put all the money she had in a bag and placed the bag beside the child, and went away. She thought that someone would find the child in the morning and that they would bring him up with the money in the bag.

But it was the king of the city who discovered the boy next morning. Early in the morning he started out for a ride on his horse and had to get down from his horse when he found a cot across the road. Thus he saw the babe and the bag of money.



Being childless he decided that he would bring up the child as his own. The child being very sweet the king thought it was a gift from God.

The boy was named Chandra-prabhu and was brought up with the best care and attention that could be given him. He was given the best possible education, and as soon as he came of age he was crowned as the future king of the realm.

In the course of time the old king passed away. His son, Chandra-prabhu performed the

cremation ceremony; that is he carried out the prescribed prayers at Prayag and Banaras. Then he went to Gaya to leave the morsel-offering at the Sacred Pool. But just as he was about to drop the morsel into the water, three hands rose out of it. One of the hands was the hand of the thief. Another was that of a Brahman. The third hand had a diamond ring—undoubtedly the hand of the dead king.

Having narrated the story thus far, Bethal asked Vikram, "O king, in which of these three hands should Chandra-prabhu have placed the morsel? Should he have given it to his own father, the Brahman, or to the King, or to the thief? In short, which of them was his real father? If you know the answer and still do not

say your head shall be split!" "There is no doubt," Vikram replied, "that the morsel should go to the thief alone. Vishnu-swami sold himself for money. As for the king, he was paid for bringing up the babe. In the case of the thief, Dhana-vati was, morally gifted away to him and he accepted her with the express desire of finding Heaven with the help of her future son. Also you must agree that it was the thief's gold that helped to lure Vishnu-swami into marrying Dhana-vati and begetting a child by her. Again it was the thief's gold that helped the king to bring up that child. So the morsel rightfully belongs to the thief."

Vikram's silence was broken, and once again Bethal returned to the tree with the corpse.



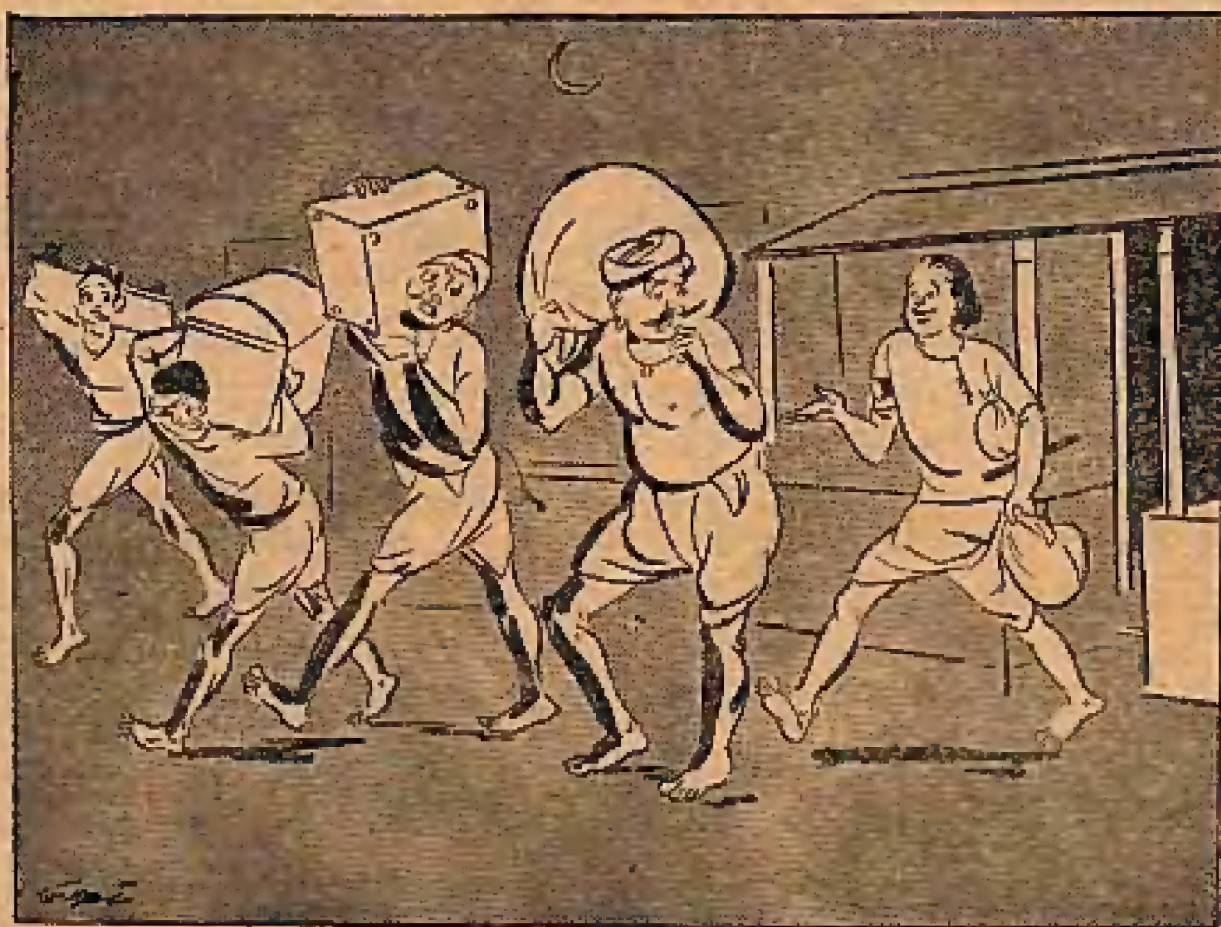
AVANTI MOVES HOUSE

ONE night four thieves broke into Avanti's home. Moving with the utmost caution so as not to wake him, they seized his furniture and belongings and made off.

They were barely half way across the yard when they noticed there was a fifth man with them, carrying some small articles in his hands.

"What are you doing here?" whispered one of the thieves, alarmed.

"It's only me," said Avanti. "I've been wanting to move for a long time but I couldn't afford a cart for my things. It's very good of you to help me." —*China Reconstructs*





A SOUL RETRIEVED

In the city of Kampilya there lived a famous Vedic scholar called Dikshit. Late in life he had a son and he named him Yajna-dutt. The aged parents were very fond of the boy and they pampered him a great deal. Dikshit spent most of his day at court as a result of which he could not pay much attention to the boy. As for the mother she spoiled him completely.

At the proper age Yajna-dutt was put to school. But he was more fond of dice than books. Whenever he lost in gambling he would come home and tell his mother, and she would give him one of her ornaments by selling which the boy could pay his gambling debts. Occasionally Dikshit would ask her about the

boy and she would tell, him, "oh, yes, he is making good progress with his studies."

One day Dikshit was coming home from the court. In the street he saw a man wearing a diamond ring which looked like his own ring. "How did you get this ring?" he asked the man. "It is mine?"

"Your son lost it to me in gambling," the man replied.

"Does my son indulge in gambling?" Dikshit asked in surprise.

"Day and night," the man replied. "He does little else."

Dikshit was greatly ashamed and enraged by this news. He rushed home and looked into the jewel-box and found several ornaments, including his diamond

ring, missing. He called his wife and said, 'It is better to be childless than to have such a baneful son. Get me some jinjili seed, I shall perform his death-ceremony!'

The fond mother could not tolerate such cruel talk about her only son. She defended Yajna-dutt and tried to justify him. Dikshit, who knew that his wife was the sole cause for the evil ways of his son, got so angry with his wife that he began to curse her loudly.

Yajna-dutt reached home just at that moment. He stopped outside and listened to the altercation between his parents. It was evident that his father had come to know all about him. He could not go in and face his father. So he turned back and went away into the wide world.

As he was passing through a forest some robbers residing there observed his fine clothes, thought he was a rich man and attacked him. When he fell unconscious the robbers found that their efforts were not only wasted but



were actually doubled. If they let Yajna-dutt remain where he fell, others were bound to come searching for him, and their haunts might be discovered. So they carried him to the nearest village and left him there.

A peasant belonging to this village came out next morning and saw Yajna-dutt. The peasant carried him to his own house, fed him and had his wounds dressed. Yajna-dutt recovered from the wounds soon enough.

Now this peasant had a grown-up daughter who was to be

married. Yajna-dutt secretly made friends with her, and with sweet words he persuaded her to run away with him. One night they left the village and, traveling for several days, they reached a camp of tribal people. Yajna-dutt thought that, in case the peasant searched for them, they would be safe in this camp.

But life in this camp did not suit Yajna-dutt. After lying low in this camp long enough, he started out again with his woman and reached a city. Then he came across some wild fellows

who lived by thieving. He took part in thefts but he lacked the art and was nearly caught. He left that city too.

Thus Yajna-dutt wandered from one place to another. He was never happy anywhere. At last he reached the city of Banaras and began to live by stealing.

Shiva-rathri is a day very sacred to the Hindus. On that day pilgrims go to Banaras from all over the land. Most of them carry money and even ornaments with them. Yajna-dutt hoped to make a good haul on the day of



Shiva-rathri. Early in the morning he went to the Ganges and had a bath. Thousands of pilgrims were similarly bathing in the river and their bundles were kept on the bank. Yajna-dutt wanted to snatch one of them, but there were far too many guards on watch and so he had to give up the idea.

He left the well-guarded bank of the river for the surroundings of Visweswara's temple. Hundreds of pilgrims were going round the temple and Yajna-dutt joined them. Instead of the pre-

scribed three rounds he made several hundred rounds but no chance for theft presented itself.

The entire day was gone in this wise and it was now night. Yajna-dutt had not touched even a drop of water the whole day and he was very hungry. He entered the temple and found a Saivite sitting in a corner with food offering in a pot. This food was to be dedicated to the god at dawn and later consumed by the devotee. Yajna-dutt managed to take his seat close to this Saivite. The night was almost gone



and there were faint streaks of the coming dawn in the east. The Saivite could keep awake no longer and, in spite of his best efforts, his eyes closed of themselves and he began to nod. Yajna-dutt seized this chance to snatch the pot of food and run off with it. Unfortunately he kicked the Saivite in his haste and the latter woke up shouting, "Thief! Thief!"

Soon several persons were chasing Yajna-dutt, who ran so desperately that no one could catch up with him. As he ran one of the guards saw him, put an arrow to his bow and hit him in his heart. Yajna-dutt fell down dead almost at once.

Messengers came from Hell as well as from Heaven to claim the soul of Yajna-dutt.

"How is it that you've come for the soul of this sinner?" the messengers from Hell asked those from Heaven. "He never once did a good deed."

"That's true," the messengers of Heaven replied. "But you must realise that on the sacred day of *Shiva-rathri* this man had a bath in the sacred Ganges, he went round Shiva's temple all the day, kept awake all the night, starved the entire day, saw Shiva worshipped. Thus he was cleansed of all sin."

This indeed proved to be the case. For, when the messengers from Hell tried to grab the soul of Yajna-dutt an unseen force seemed to stand in their way. The messengers from Heaven, on the other hand, seized the soul, and rode away in a divine chariot.



REVENGE

The King of the forest fell ill. In spite of several treatments he did not get better. Finally the Lion's son, the Prince suggested that the King would get better if he ate each variety of animal in the forest.

So the King proclaimed that all the animals should come to him. Then he ate all of them. The Fox alone failed to turn up before the Lion, and the Lion's illness was not cured.

"You're yet to eat the Fox," the Prince told his father. "You'll be cured only after eating him." At once the King sent for the Fox. The Fox came and stood before the Lion.

"We sent for all the animals," demanded the Lion. "How was it that you alone failed to come?"

"Be patient with me, Your Highness," said the Fox. "I had a dream about your illness. I kept away so that I needn't tell you about that dream."

"Why? What was that dream?" the Lion asked.

"I dreamt," replied the Fox, "that you ate the nearest of your kin and got better."

At once the Lion fell upon the Prince and ate him. Thus the Fox wreaked vengeance upon the Prince for what he did to the other animals.





KING Bhoja was in the habit of giving a lakh to any one who recited a new verse. This led at times to certain malpractices. The king made the award only for the originality of the verse, not for its content. Taking a mean advantage of this fact a certain obscure poet called Satam-jaya wrote a mean verse.

“अपशब्दं शतं माघे
भारवौच शतत्रयं
कालिदासे नगण्यन्ते
कविरेक इशतंजयः”

This was no doubt an original verse but what it said was this: “Poet Magh used a hundred *wrong* words.; poet Bharavi three hundred; as for Kalidas, there is no counting them. Satam-jaya is the one (only) poet.”

The evil intent of this man

was quite clear. On the one hand, he was not only defaming such mighty poets as Magh, Bharavi and Kalidas, but also claiming that he was the only poet. On the other hand, he was going to make the famous patron of poets, King Bhoja, reward him for that verse because it was original!

The idea was so bold and at the same time so dastardly that Satam-jaya had not the courage to take the verse to King Bhoja's court and present it himself. He called one of his pupils and said to him, “Go, take this verse to Bhoja's court and read it, They will give you a lakh, bring it to me.”

The boy took the verse and started for the king's court. On

the way he met a gentleman evidently on his way to the court. Without knowing that this gentleman was Kalidas himself, the boy said to him, "Sir, are you going to court?"

"Yes," Kalidas replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Will you kindly take me there?" the boy requested Kalidas. "I don't know the way."

"What business do you have at court?" Kalidas inquired.

"My teacher wrote an original verse," the boy replied. "He

asked me to present it to the king and return back with the award. This is the reason for my going to court. You see, they don't know me. They may not permit me inside. Please, sir, get me inside the court somehow."

Kalidas could not understand why the poet was presenting the verse by proxy. "Let me see the verse," he said to the boy.

The boy handed over the verse to Kalidas. Kalidas read it and understood the evil intent of its



author. He made a deprecating noise and said, "But for one small defect this verse deserves the award."

"Please, sir!" said the boy anxiously, "if you know the defect, why don't you rectify it? My teacher will be angry with me if I go back without the award."

Kalidas changed only the first letter of the verse, but that small change was enough to alter the entire sense of it.

The boy entered the court of Bhoja with the help of Kalidas. Bhoja asked the boy about the purpose of his visit. The boy obtained the king's premisson to read an original verse and read the following :

"आप शब्द शतं माघे
भारवौच शतत्रयं

कालिदासे नगण्यन्ते
कविरेक इशतंजयः"

Now the meaning of the verse was as follows :

"One poet (called) Satamjaya borrowed a hundred words from poet Magh, three hundred from Bharavi, and as for Kalidas, there is no counting them."

When the pandits and poets in the court heard this verse they burst out laughing. It received no award. Disgraced and disappointed the boy went back to his teacher and reported to him what had happened. Poor Satamjaya realised that he had become a laughing-stock and went far, far away from Dhara.

Later the other poets learnt what Kalidas did to that verse and admired his cleverness greatly.



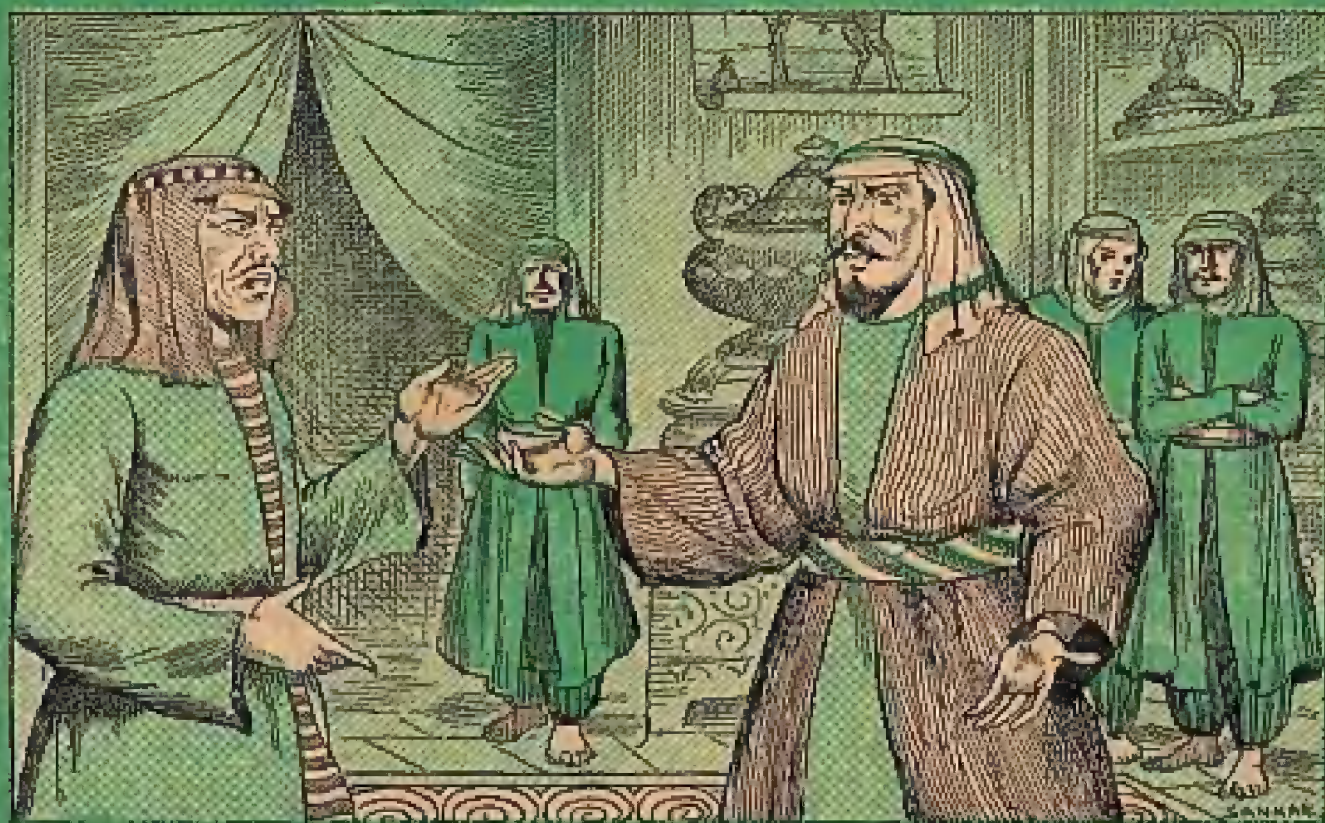
the boy there, selected whatever jewellery she wanted and went straight to her house.

Meanwhile, at the house of the big merchant, all festivity turned into mourning. By the time the merchant arrived the entire house was echoing with shouting and wailing. The merchant's wife was rolling on the floor in unbearable grief. No one seemed to know what happened to the boy. The merchant dispatched men all over the city, and at last the child was discovered in the jeweller's shop.

"Scoundrel," roared the big merchant, "how dare you kidnap my son? What have you done with his ornaments and clothes?"

"What about the jewellery worth thousand dinars that I sent to you for approval?" the jeweller asked.

It took a long time for them to understand each other. By that time the three others who had been duped by Delilah arrived there. They compared notes with one another and came to the conclusion that they were all swindled by the same old woman.





"I shall not rest," swore the big merchant, "till I see this old witch punished." The jeweller told the others, "I too shall join you in the hunt for the old hag. Let each of us go his own way. We shall all meet at the shop of Masood the barber exactly at noon."

The boy of the donkey was the first to come towards the barber's shop. Luckily he met Delilah in the street and recognised her at once. "Ah, I have you, you witch!" he said to her triumphantly.

"What is it you say, my son?" Delilah said innocently.

"My donkey! Give it back to me at once!" said the boy angrily.

"Why do you shout like that?" Delilah said. "Do you think that I've stolen your donkey? I've kept it safe with Masood the barber. Come with me, and you can have it right now."

So the boy accompanied her to the barber's shop. Delilah asked the boy to wait outside the shop, went in and said to Masood tearfully, "O Masood! You alone can cure him!"

"What is it about, auntie?" asked Masood bewildered.

"That is my son standing outside. He recovered from a terrible illness but he is mentally weak since then. A long time back he had a donkey. Now he keeps asking for that donkey all the time. Cure him of this mania and I shall be eternally indebted to you."

"Leave that to me," said the barber accepting the dinar she offered. "I shall shave his head and apply lemon juice to his

scalp. In a couple of days he will be a different boy."

"Be gentle with him and talk to him coaxingly. I shall pay you for your trouble," said Delilah.

Masood the barber stepped outside his shop and told the boy to come inside. "My donkey!" the boy asked.

"I have your donkey with me. It won't run away. Come inside for a moment," said the barber.

No sooner than the boy came in than the assistants of the barber fell upon him, bound him hand and foot, shaved him and soaked his scalp with lemon juice. The boy howled all the time.

After finishing with the boy Masood went into the interior of his shop and found no old woman there. He did not find any of his razors, mirrors, scissors, hair oils, shampoos, scents, benches, and chairs either.

Masood returned, caught the boy by the throat and shouted, "Where is your mother?"

"My mother died long ago," said the boy. "You promised



to give me my donkey. Give it to me at once."

While the two of them shouted at each other the other victims of Delilah arrived as per their previous arrangement. It was evident that the old witch swindled one more victim. Masood the barber joined the others in their search for Delilah.

They scoured several streets till at last the boy of the donkey once again spotted Delilah and fell upon her shouting, "Here is the witch! Hold her! Let her not fool us again!"

Dililah could not escape this time. They took her to the house of Khalid and told the servants at the gate, "We have to see Khalid at once."

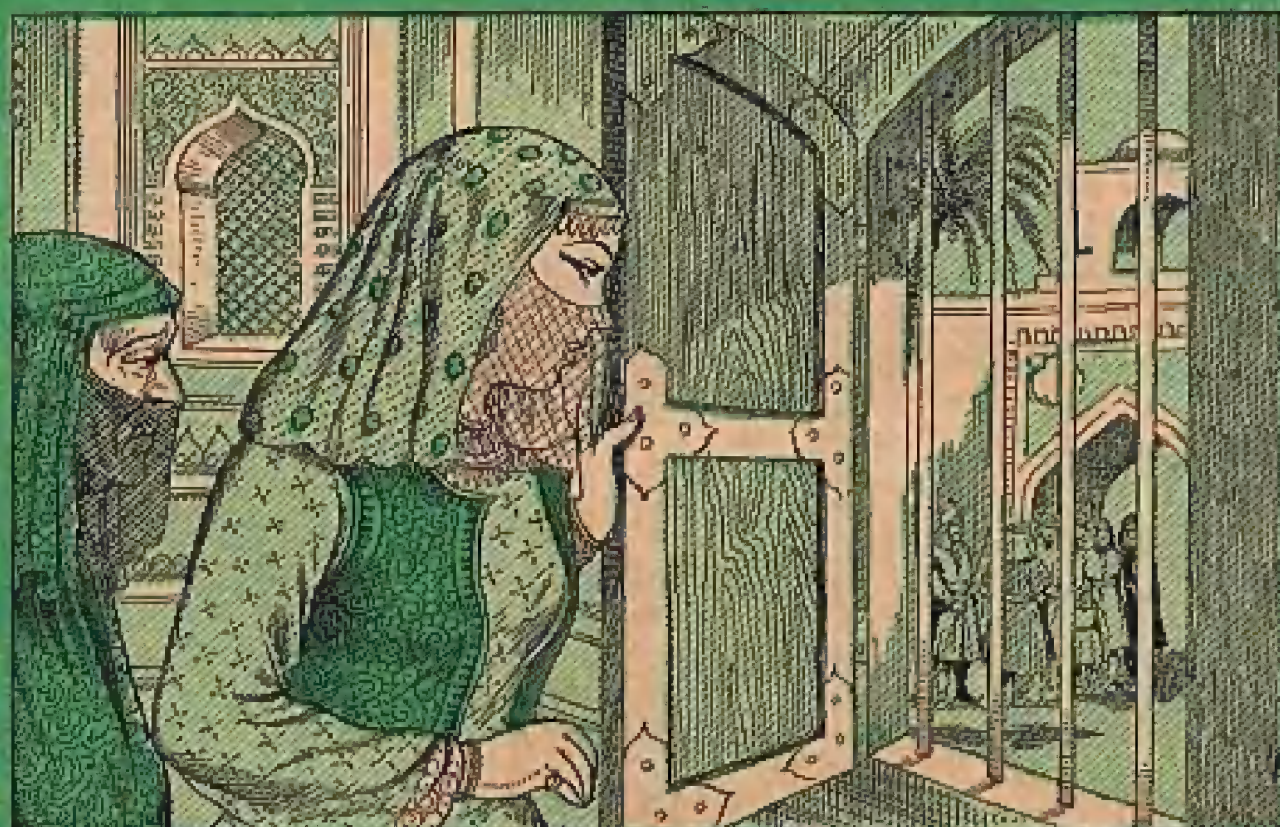
They were told that Khalid was having his afternoon nap and that they had to wait till he woke up. The servants made the male members of the deputation wait in the courtyard while Delilah was shown into a room of the ladies' wing of the house.

Delilah however went inside, crossed several rooms and went

upstairs where she saw Khalid's wife and said to her, "Madam, I've brought my slaves whom your husband promised to buy for twelve hundred dinars. It appears he is having a nap. I'm afraid it will be some time before he wakes up."

"My husband did mention something about buying slaves a long time back," said Khalid's wife. "I know nothing about your slaves. Where are they?"

"They are in the courtyard. You can see them through the



window. I assure you they are all well-born," said Delilah.

Khalid's wife saw the men in the courtyard and was immensely satisfied. "I could have paid you," she told Delilah, "but I've only a thousand dinars with me."

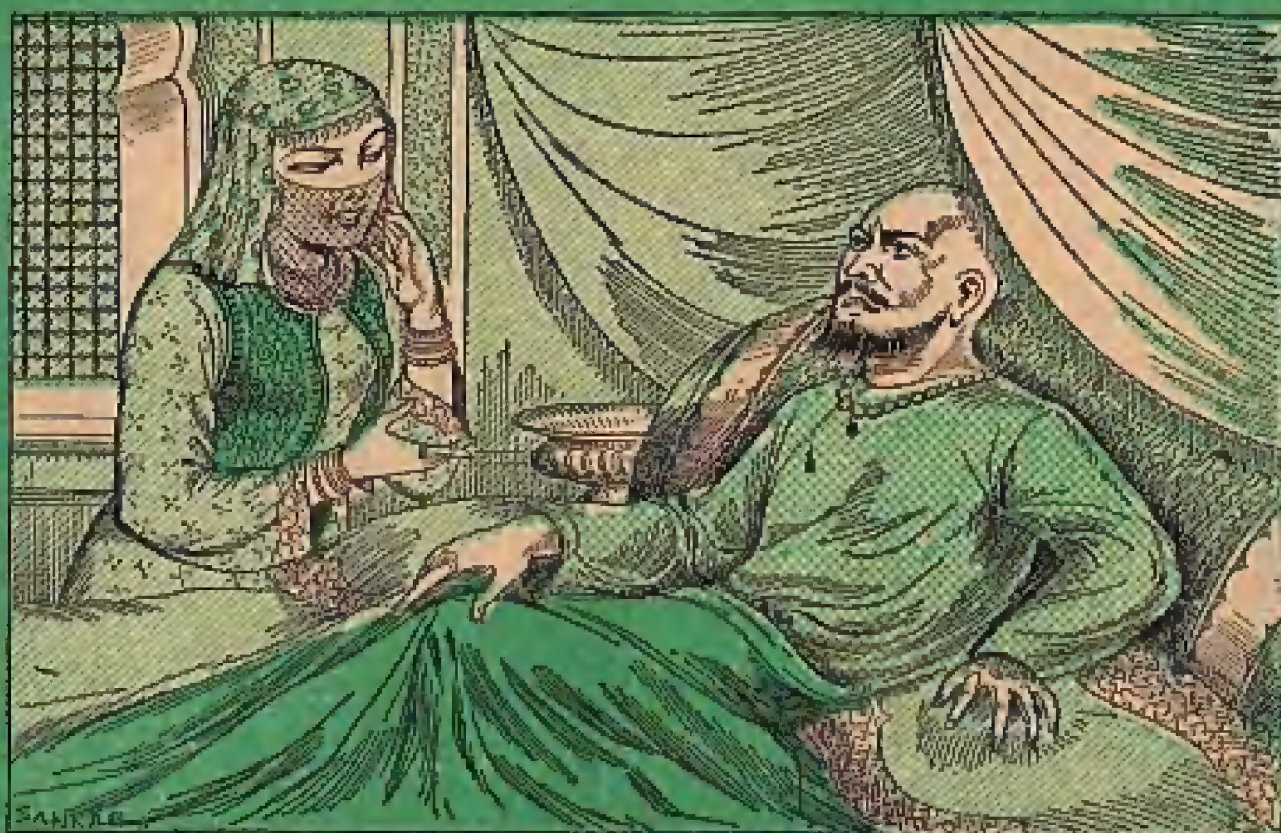
"Since I already received two hundred in advance," Delilah said, "thousand is all I get." She took the money, saluted her, thanked her and said, "Madam, do me a favour. I cannot bear to see my slaves again. I shall be much more happy if you can

send me by the back-door." Khalid's wife did so.

When Khalid woke up his wife complimented him on his bargain and told him about the slaves.

"Slaves? Bargain? What is all this?" Khalid said puzzled. "I never gave anyone any advance for buying slaves."

"Why, I paid the old woman the thousand dinars, and the slaves are down below," his wife said. Khalid hastily put on his dress, went downstairs and saw the shop-keeper, the dyer, the



jeweller, the barber and the boy of the donkey, all awaiting him.

"Are you the slaves that I have bought?" he asked them.

"Is this the justice we get at your hands?" they exclaimed. "Do we look like slaves? Let us go and ask the Khalifa!"

Just at that moment Mustafa also arrived. He had learnt how the old woman had duped his wife. "Under your jurisdiction," Mustafa said in anger, "it appears that any old devil can get into any respectable house and swindle the innocent ladies! What action do you propose to take against the old hag who has duped my wife?"

"Sir, I take upon myself the responsibility of punishing this

old woman," Khalid replied appeasingly. "I shall also make reparations to each one of you for the losses you have sustained on her account." Then he turned to the five men and asked them, "Now, which one among you can recognise that old woman?"

"All of us can recognise her," they replied. "Send ten guards with us and we undertake to bring her to you."

They obtained the guards and started in search of Delilah. They were not gone far when they came across Delilah. She tried to give them the slip but they chased her, caught her, tied up her hands behind her and took her to Khalid.

(To be continued)



AN UGLY SIGHT

Goha had the opportunity to be acquainted with the famous Tatar chief, Tamarlane, and even to be his companion for some time. Tamarlane was not only blind in one eye and had a game leg but he was also extremely ugly to look at. One day while the barber was shaving him, Tamarlane looked into the mirror and began to weep. At once Goha who was nearby burst into tears and did not stop wailing for a long time after Tamarlane stopped.

"I wept when I saw my face in the mirror," Tamarlane said to Goha, "because I've an ugly face. But I observe that you weep more than I do. What's the reason for it?"

"O chief," Goha replied, "you weep so much when you see your face only once. But we, your servants, have to see your face always. How much more is our sorrow!"

Instead of getting angry at this joke Tamarlane fell back, helpless with laughter. A witty man can get away with anything.





THE CLEVER BARBER

ON the banks of the river Ikshu-mati there was the hermitage of Mankan. One day the hermit was walking in the garden of the hermitage when he saw a babe amidst the plantain trees. Mankan took the child to his cottage, named her Kadali and brought her up as though she was his own daughter.

When Kadali attained marriageable age, King Dridhavarma from Madhya Pradesh happened to visit the hermitage. He had been hunting in the neighbourhood and wanted to pay his respects to the hermit. No sooner had he stepped into the hermitage than he saw lovely Kadali and desired to marry her.

The king went to the hermit, prostrated himself before him

and said, "O Sage, I've something to beg of you. Promise me that you will not disappoint me."

The hermit easily guessed what it was that the king desired. So he promised to grant the king's request and the king thereupon asked him for Kadali's hand.

"O King," the hermit said, "You're welcome to marry my daughter, Kadali. But remember, she has been brought up in a hermitage and not in a palace. She is innocent of feuds and conspiracies. You shall have her if you promise to protect her even as the lid protects the eye."

The king swore that he would treat her dearer than his own life. On a suitable day the hermit performed the marriage of Kadali with the king.

When Kadali was about to depart with her husband, her friends said to her, "They say that king's palaces are but golden cages. Maybe, you will not be happy there. In that case come away without hesitation. But you will have none to escort you. In order to find your way back, take these mustard seed and drop them all along the way while you go. Where a mustard plant has grown once there will always be mustard plants and thus you will be able to find your way back here with their help." They gave her a bundle of mustard seed and Kadali dropped them all along the way to her husband's place.

From the day Kadali became his the king neglected his first wife altogether. From court he went straight to Kadali's residence. He had his entertainments, food and sleep there only.

This infuriated the elder queen. She called for the minister and said to him. "Sir, the king is so taken up with his young wife that he has entirely abandoned me. Kindly see that she is liquidated."



These words seared the minister's ears. He replied, "Madam, you can engage plenty of female mendicants to carry out such beastly jobs. It is not proper that you should commission *me* to do this."

The queen knew that she had gone too far. "I thought it was an administrative matter," she said, pretending remorse. "That is why I asked you. Since you say that it is improper let us drop the idea altogether."

After the minister's departure, the queen sent her servants to

bring to her a female mendicant. When she came, the queen promised her a huge reward if she could do away with Kadali.

This female was an expert in making potions and administering poisons. The queen's reward roused her cupidity and she undertook to remove the new queen. But it was very dangerous work and she was afraid of carrying it out herself. She sought the help of a certain barber who lived in the same town.

"Remove the younger queen," she told the barber, "and I shall

give you half of the huge reward promised to me by the elder queen."

The barber thought over the proposition for a while. "It is not easy to remove the younger queen," he said at last. "The king holds her dearer than his own life. Find out whether the elder queen will be satisfied if the king deserts the younger queen. I can manage it."

The mendicant went back to the elder queen and asked her whether she would be satisfied if the king abandoned his new wife.





Mother and Daughter

2

IN the meantime Delilah removed the disguise of the sufi beggar and put on the dress of a housemaid of the better type. Then she started on a second round of adventures which were to bring her some more fame. When she came to a certain street she found a lot of bustle in one of the houses. There was a great display of lights, carpets, music, celebration and laughter. At the gate a slave stood holding a boy who wore diamond ornaments and a grand dress embroidered with silver and gold lace.

The owner of the house was the leader of the merchants of Baghdad. His daughter was being betrothed that day and

lots of guests were invited. The merchant's wife could not receive the guests and talk to them because her child held on to her dress and pestered her. So the lady gave the child into the keeping of the slave and told her to keep him engaged till the guests were gone. Delilah obtained these facts and decided that she should rob the child.

She pushed her way through the crowd to the gate saying, "Bless me, I *am* late!" Then she turned to the slave, slipped a counterfeit coin into her hand and said, "My dear, won't you go in and tell the mistress that her old nurse, Umal Khair has come to pay her respects?"

M. RADHAKRISHNA

"I could," said the slave regretfully, "but young master will begin to cry for her if he sees the mistress. How can I go?"

"Don't worry," said Delilah. "I shall hold the darling till you come back." Taken in by these words the slave gave the child to Delilah and went in.

At once Delilah took the boy into a deserted lane where she removed all his ornaments and garments. Then she went with him to the shop of a famous jeweller. The jeweller recognised the boy, and asked Delilah,

"What does your master want?"

"This boy's sister is being betrothed. I want a pair of gold bangles and two pairs of anklets, diamond ear-rings and a fine gold girdle of delicate workmanship. Give me jewellery worth a thousand dinars. I shall take it home. If they are approved I shall return with the money. You can keep the boy here till I return."

"You can take whatever you want," said the jeweller, "and there is no necessity of leaving the boy here." Still Delilah left



MARS

The planet Mars has its orbit next to that of the earth. Its diameter is 4,352 miles—slightly over half that of the Earth. It too comes very close to us, though not as close as Venus does, and we know much about it.

Mars goes round the Sun at about 15 miles per second in an orbit which it goes round in 686 days, 23 hours and 31 minutes. Thus the year for Mars is nearly twice our own. As for its day—the time of its rotation—it is slightly more than our own—24 hours and 37 minutes.

Seen through a telescope Mars has a surface which is mostly dull red. It has also areas which appear sometimes green and sometimes brown. Also, there are certain markings on the surface, the nature of which is not quite clear.

The scientists are quite sure that Mars has an atmosphere containing oxygen, water vapour and carbon dioxide.

Mars has season just as we on the Earth have, the snow covering its poles. These snow caps become larger in winter and smaller in summer. Seasons occur on a planet because the axis of rotation is tilted instead of being at right angles to the path of its motion round the Sun. Thus during one part of the year the upper hemisphere gets more light and heat from the sun than the lower one and vice versa.

It is common to assume that there are human beings—and very intelligent ones too—living on Mars. But actually there is no basis for the assumption. Probably there is not enough oxygen on Mars to sustain human life. There may be some vegetation but it is likely to be entirely different from that which we find on the Earth.

Mars gets less than half the light and heat that the Earth receives from the sun. So even summer heat of Mars is very mild.

Mars has less gravity than the Earth. A thing weighing 100 pounds on the Earth would weigh only 40 pounds on Mars.

Mars has two moons. Both of them are much smaller than our Moon, and moonlight on Mars cannot be very bright.

THE ANCESTORS OF MAN

MAN appeared on earth about a million years ago. Among *Mammals* there is a species called *Primates* who have five fingers on each hand and five toes on each foot, in addition to efficient brains and nervous system. Man has evolved out of an extinct type of *Primates*. Man is referred to as *Homo Sapiens*, which means "clever fellow."

Man is the one animal that stands really erect. By doing this he got his hands free to hold things and manipulate them, i.e., make things and use them. In proportion to body-weight man's brain is six times as big as that of the gorilla which is next to man in intelligence.

Amongst the creatures nearest to man are the *Primates* which include Lemurs, Monkeys and Apes. The common ancestor of Man and Ape is said to have existed 30 million years ago. At that period a great change occurred over the face of the earth, and the climate changed from warm to extreme cold. The luxurious forests that had existed died out. Those *Primates* which could walk on earth and go in search of food-bearing trees survived. These evolved over 20 million years before there appeared among them a creature with slight human features. It walked erect. Its brain was not bigger than that of a gorilla, but it had teeth and limbs which resembled more those of man than those of a gorilla.

Gradually this creature gained size, though the brain remained the same, and the earliest man appeared on earth between one million and 550,000 years ago. He is called *Pithecanthropus*. *Pithecanthropus* became extinct about 400,000 years ago. In his place we see *Sinanthropus*—the Peking Man. This creature had little forehead and chin. His brain was only two-thirds that of modern man. But he was distinctly human.

From such creatures intelligence was evolved. Man put up a terrific effort to attain the civilisation that he has today. The extent of this effort can be easily guessed from the fact that for 99 per cent of the time he existed on earth, he lived in the Stone Age and lived the life of a savage.

"So long as she is alive the king will not desert her," the elder queen said. "That is why I wanted her to be killed. But if you can manage to make the king forsake her I want nothing more."

The barber took the job on. He went to the burial-ground and dug up several human skeletons. He made a bundle of all the bones and skulls and went to the elder queen. "Have them placed in the attic above the kitchen in the younger queen's residence," he told the elder

queen. "Then send word to the king that the younger queen is reported to be a witch who secretly feasted on human flesh. Advise him to search her house carefully for human bones. When the king finds these bones and skulls in the attic he is sure to leave her and come to you."

The elder queen was so happy about this plan that she gave the barber a huge amount of gold and sent him away. Then she put the plan into execution.

The king refused to believe his second wife was a witch,



until human bones were discovered in the attic of her residence. Then he drove Kadali out of his kingdom without the least mercy. The poor girl found her way back to the hermitage by the help of the mustard plants.

Soon the whole town was talking about the banishment of the younger queen, whom the king was said to love more than his life. As soon as the news came to his ears, the barber went to see the king. The king gave him audience when he was told that the barber wanted to tell him something in private.

"What a calamity, my lord!" the barber said to the king. "How could you banish such an innocent soul? I'm afraid I was unwittingly a party to this tragedy."

"What have you got to do with it?" the king asked the barber in anguish. "Out with it!"

"My lord, the elder queen sent for me two days back and asked me to get her some human bones and skulls. And I got them for her. How was I to know that it would lead to this!" said the barber bursting into tears.

The king consoled him and sent him away with some gifts. He got the elder queen arrested and had her tried. She confessed that she had plotted against the younger queen. The king reduced her status to that of a common wife. Then he went to the hermitage, apologised to the hermit as well as to Kadali for what he had done. Kadali returned to the king as his supreme queen.



PHOTO CAPTION COMPETITION

JUNE 1956

::

AWARD Rs. 10/-



★ Choose apt and significant captions for the above pair of photos. The captions should go in a pair, either words, phrases or short sentences.

★ The captions should reach us before 10th of April '56.

The pair of captions considered best will be awarded Rs. 10/-

★ Please write legibly or type the captions on a postcard and address it to: "Chandamama Photo Caption Competition," Madras-26.

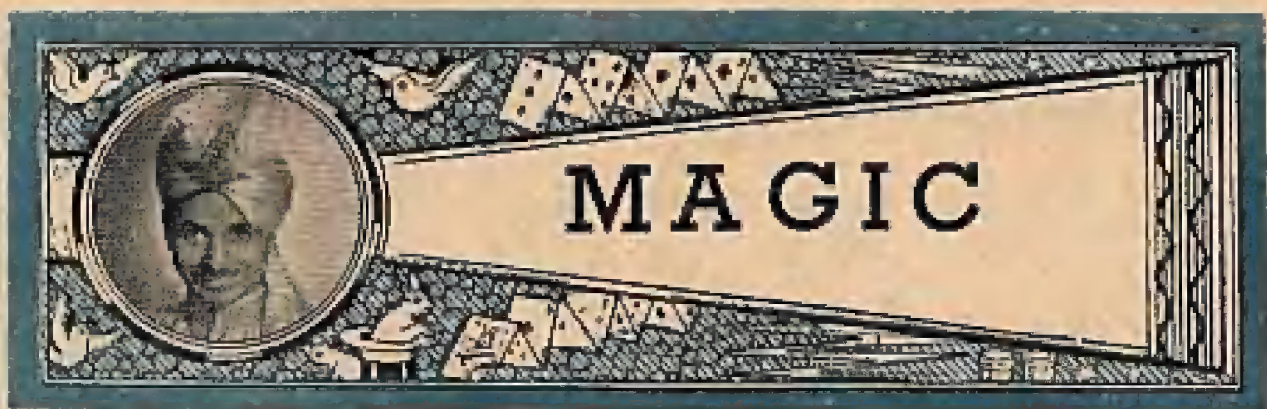
RESULTS FOR APRIL

- I. Photo : Increasing the Load
- II. Photo : Lighting the Road

Contributed by :

Suresh. M. SHANBHAG, Jacob Circle, BOMBAY-11

AWARD Rs. 10



Prof: P. C. SORCAR

PRODUCING coins from an ordinary candle is a very clever trick. Once I went to a friend's house and there they asked me to show some good tricks. I showed this item and made a good impression on them.

I took my coat off and had my sleeves rolled up. An ordinary candle was lit in full view of all and then I kept my palm over the flame. When I showed it to them my hands were full of many gold coins! They were startled at this.

Here is the secret of this seemingly impossible trick. There is no trickery in the candle at all. Follow the dia-

grams carefully and you will understand the underlying secret which centres around the match-box. Take any good match-box (40 sticks variety). Push the drawer half-way and in the cavity formed in the back carefully secrete four or five coins. Keep this half-open match-box on the table. The audience will not suspect any trickery in this.

You strike a stick after taking the half-open box in your hands and light the candle. As the candle is lighted you shut the drawer of the match-box as shown in figures 1 and 2. As soon as the drawer is closed the coins secreted inside come

automatically into your empty palm where they are secreted.



The act of holding the coins inside the palm after contracting the muscles is commonly known as palming. Once the coins are palmed you can use it to advantage by producing or flourishing them in the next moment. The pictures on this page will give away the secret. Pic. 1 shows the unlighted candle on the candlestand and the magician just lighting it with the half-open match-box in hand. Pic. 2 shows how the coins are taken in the palm while the drawer is closed after the candle is lighted. Pic. 3 shows the coins already palmed in the right hand. Pic. 4 shows the coins that were produced from the flame of the candle. Pic. 5 shows the coins secreted inside the small cavity formed by the half-open drawer in the match-box.

Some magicians tie the coins in a bundle, but in my opinion it is much better if they are kept loose.

THE BACK COVER

KING FOR A DAY - 2

HAVING heard to the tale of Abu, the Khalifa said, "I cannot find fault with your resolution. You've shown wisdom in setting aside half of your wealth. Your hospitality to your guests is of a very high order. You acquire a new friend every day. Only one thing troubles me much. I wanted to repay your kindness, but you insist on



bidding me goodbye in the morning. Have you no desire which a man in my position can fulfil?"

"I desire nothing," Abu replied, "more than this kind of talk with you. I'm quite free from all desire and ambition. I never expect any help from any one. So you can drop the idea of repaying me for my hospitality."

"Your contentment is admirable," the Khalifa said. "It is not surprising that you need no help from anybody. But it is strange that you have no desire at all. No man is free from desires, even if they are never to be fulfilled. I'm very curious to know what a person like you desires most. As a friend you can reveal them to me."

Abu thought for a while and smiled. "I should say," he said, "that I have one desire. But it cannot be fulfilled. For I want to be Khalifa for a day."

The Khalifa asked him eagerly, "What is it, my friend, that you want to

achieve in a day, if you do become Khalifa?"

"You must know," Abu replied, "that there are four quarters in this city of Baghdad, and there are four governors in charge of them. The one that rules our quarter is a veritable brute and the worst of sinners. He is deprived of all culture. He has no regard for the virtue of any woman. He has converted our quarter into an abominable cess-pool. There are two assistants under him who are even more depraved than he. If only I could become Khalifa for a day, I would desire neither money nor power, but I would hang these three pests and rid our quarter of them."

Khalifa's respect for this strange bachelor was doubled when he heard these words. He knew that it was only the men of good heart that got angry with tyrants. He decided to fulfil Abu's wish.

He slipped some powder into Abu's drink while he was not looking, and then handed

it to Abu. Abu drank it and fell back unconscious. The Khalifa then told his slave to carry Abu to the palace.

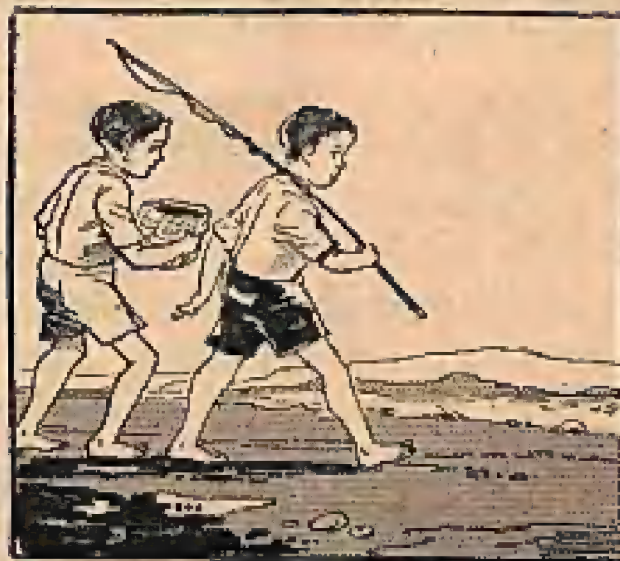
When Abu opened his eyes in the morning he found that he was in a royal bedroom with good-looking girls in exquisite costumes standing around. The ministers and other court officials were at the gate waiting for the Khalifa to wake up.

Seeing Abu open his eyes all the girls bowed their heads to him most respectfully.

(To be continued)



Picture Story



ONE day Dass and Vass went to the river for fishing. They were confident that they would catch fish as big as whales. "Tiger" accompanied them. They put a life belt around him so that he would not drown. Dass and Vass sat for a long time but not a single fish would bite. But "Tiger" dashed into the river and when the boys fished it out—what do you think?—there was a fish in his mouth!





NEWS ITEMS

For the Second Five-Year Plan (1956-61) the total outlay will be Rs. 7,100 crores of which Rs. 4,800 crores will be the share of the Central and State Governments, while the private sector invests Rs. 2,300 crores. The main objectives of the plan are: increase in the national income and a rise in the level of living in the country, rapid industrialization with particular emphasis on basic and heavy industries, large expansion of employment opportunities and a reduction of economic inequalities. The goal is a socialistic pattern of society.

* * *

Dr. Meghnad Saha, the great scientist and member of the Lok Sabha died on February 16 while on his way to the Planning Commission office in Rashtrapati Bhavan to attend a meeting.

* * *

Mr. P. C. Sorcar, the famous Indian Magician who is familiar to all our readers, is now giving his highly popular shows called "Mysteries of India" or Ind-dra-jal, all over England. This "magical and musical extravaganza" is obtaining the highest possible praise from the press and Mr. Sorcar is referred to as "one of the finest exponents of his art in the world today."



According to a report by the U. N. Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization India is the third among top film producers. In 1953 U. S. A. produced 344, Japan 302, and India 259 full length films. There are more than 1,00,000 cinemas all over the world and about 10 billion people see films.

* * *

On February 16, the Shah and the Queen of Iran were accorded a warm welcome at the Palam airport (Delhi) by President Prasad and other Indian leaders. They came on a three-week visit to India.

* * *

Acharya Narendra Deva, Chairman, All-India Praja Socialist Party and Member of the Rajya Sabha, passed away at Erode on February 19. He was 66.

* * *

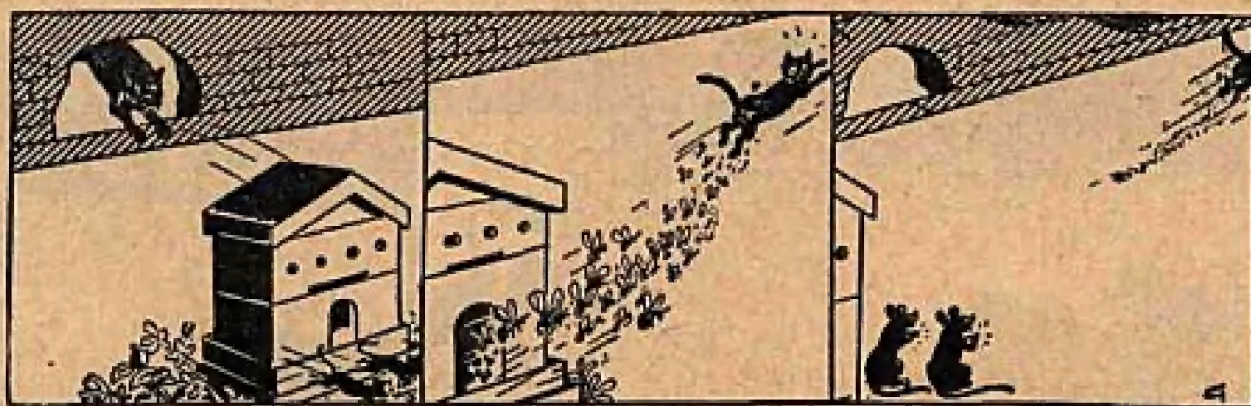
G. V. Mavlankar, Speaker of the Lok Sabha, passed away on February 27, at his residence in Ahmedabad. He was 68.

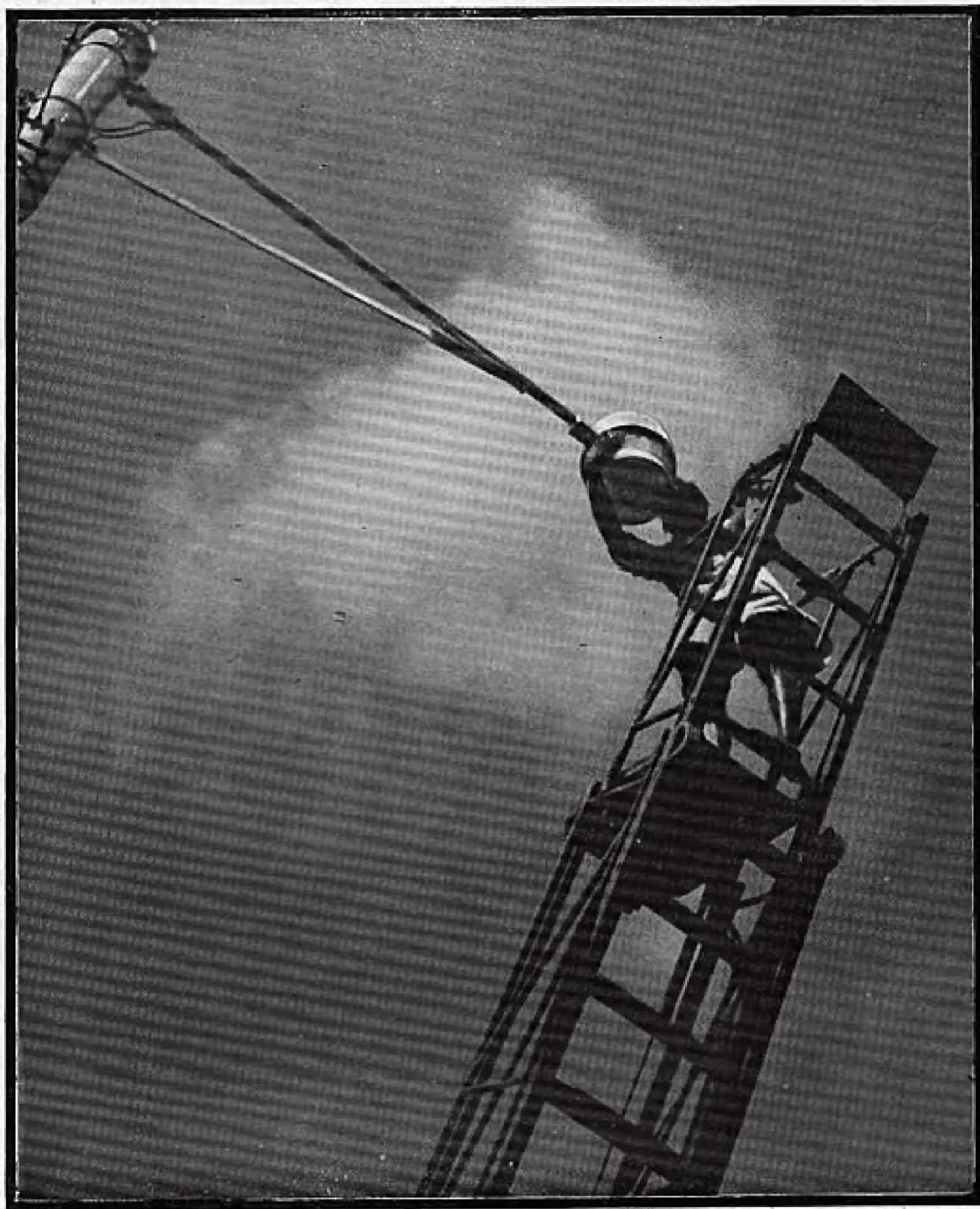
* * *

The Government propose to run a large-scale mechanized farm, 26,000 to 32,000 acres in size, using machinery and equipment given by the Soviet Union.

* * *

M. Ananthasayanam Iyengar was unanimously elected as the Speaker of Lok Sabha in the place of G. V. Mavlankar. Mr. Iyengar had been the Deputy Speaker.





Winning
Caption

LIGHTING THE ROAD

Contributed by
Suresh M. Shanbhag, Bombay-11



KING FOR A DAY--2